

Death of the King of Spain.—The demise of this illustrious embroiderer of petticoats will probably lead to new troubles in Spain, if it does not disturb the general peace of Europe. The approaching contest between Don Carlos and the Queen Regent, will doubtless afford a new pretext for that fashionable species of non-intervention, by the aid of which the minor powers of Europe are made to do just as the higher ones please, and deprived of the privilege of setting their own affairs in their own way. Another Portugal affair is probably in embryo in Spain, and whatever the nominal head of the nation may be, he, or she, will be little more than a pageant, while the real authority will be exercised by some Minister of a Foreign power. All will be done in the way of mediation, and non-intervention, and the right of the nation to choose its sovereign be fished away, under the stale pretence of preserving the peace of Europe. It has become evident that there are no independent powers in Europe, except Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, and England. These dictate to the rest, and it is fortunate that their mutual jealousies and conflicting interests prevent a combination, which would entirely destroy the independence of the rest. As it is, however, they manage to do the thing pretty effectually, by a system of royal bargaining. The Emperor of Russia is graciously permitted to pounce on the Turks; he, in return, graciously permits the Emperor of Austria to dominate over Italy; France winks at all this on condition of managing matters in Belgium, and England shuns her eyes on the score of being allowed to place the little puppet Maria de Gloria, on the throne of Portugal, re-establish that country as a province, monopolize its trade, and govern it through the non-intervention of her Minister, Lord William Russell. This is a curious state of things, and will probably last until the people take these matters into serious consideration, and give these great arbitrators so much to do at home that they will have no leisure to meddle with the business of others.

N. Y. Cons. and Eng.

Protection.—This is the order of the day just now. Every thing and every body requires protection. Manufactures cannot get along without protection; little Donna Maria cannot become a little Queen without the protection of England; the Grand Seignior cannot make head against the Pacha of Egypt without the protection of Russia; the puissant King of Belgium cannot sit upright on his throne, without being bolstered up by France; and the monarchs of Europe cannot get along without the protection of huge standing armies, which defend them against the people, who are graciously permitted to pay the expense of being thus protected—against themselves. Italy, too, wants a protector, and we hear that the Emperor of Austria is about graciously offering himself for that purpose. This kind of protection reminds us of a fable we have somewhere seen, which is something to this effect:

The Porcupine was once seized with an unaccountable fit of universal benevolence, so that he could never see any of the weaker sort of animals, but he must either carry them on his back or cover them with his body, to keep them from harm. The consequence was, that the poor little devils got so pricked and worried by the quills of their magnanimous protector, that many of them in a short time had not a drop of blood left in their bodies, and others were reduced to skin and bone. Upon this, they all came to him in a body, and with great humility requested, that in future when his majesty saw them in a difficulty, he would graciously suffer them to get out of it without his interference.—*N. Y. Cons. and Eng.*

Confession of Murder.—A few days ago, a man died in the vicinity of Ellesmere, who, on the point of death, confessed his having committed a murder twenty years ago, for which a blacksmith, named Preston, was soon after tried, convicted and executed. The murder was committed on two aged people, named Francis Bruce and Ann Taylor, who resided at Langford, near Drayton. The next morning the deceased were found with their throats cut, and the guilt of Preston was established by a chain of circumstantial evidence. He was known to be poor, and was seen running from the scene of murder on the evening it took place; the next morning he exhibited a handful of gold and bank notes. A stick and a hammer, with which the old man's skull was fractured, were proved to have been borrowed by him. No doubt was therefore entertained of his guilt. When on the scaffold, he denied any participation of the the murder but admitted his share in the robbery.

It now appears, from the confession of the dying man, that Preston watched at the door while the murder and robbery were committed; but counselled the robbery should be committed without violence, and was ignorant that the murder had been committed. The murder was perpetrated by two other men, one of whom was the dying man, whose conscience sought relief in the disclosure.—*London Paper.*

Waste of Corn in Agriculture.—It is estimated that only one-third of the seed-corn sown on the best land grows; the other two-thirds are destroyed. The number of cultivated acres in Great Britain and Ireland amounts to 17,000,000; 30,000,000 of which are under the plough. Two-fifths of the latter, or 12,000,000 acres, are annually under the cereal crops. The average allowance of seed for the three kinds of corn may be stated at four bushels and two-thirds per acre. The quantity of seed thus annually sown amounts to 7,000,000 quarterly. Two-thirds of this quantity are rendered unproductive by some agency which has hitherto been uncontrolled, these 4,666,566 quarters of corn are annually wasted! The quantity thus lamentably wasted would support more than 1,000,000 of human beings.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

"If there wasn't mice enough to block up a staircase of forty feet circumference, by the roots, I wish I may be transmogrified!"—*Cot., Crockett's next speech.*

Colonel Crockett has as good a right to *banish* as other folks, and as much right too, to have noise made and "greasy caps" thrown up when he shows himself to "sun admiring people." If he is a "lion of the west" we should like to know where such a "warmint" is to be found. He is so incontestably one of that "fiendish wildowl" that we question whether he wouldn't grin off any fellow's "epitomies" that doubted it. But it were idle arguing the Colonel's claim to such a *qualification*, for his recent visit to Nashville has proved it beyond all possibility of upsetting by an *allusion*. His reception at the theatre, where front box was provided for him, is strong as "proofs of holy writ" that terrible as he is in the forest, he knows how to "rour you as gaudy as any sucking dove," when he disports himself among the lumberjacks of civilized life—when he visits the dress circles of the theatre, and finds himself surrounded by a body of blooming Tennessee damsels. It were enough to soften even the east iron visage of Col. C., though he had just closed an encounter with double his weight of wildcats, to see himself seated amid the pale blue eyes and *blond-tinted* cheeks of a Nashville audience; for they are surprisingly lovely, we can assure the world. But, we have been led into too long an exordium, and proceed, therefore, to say that our gallant friend the Col., having on his way to Washington visited the theatre at Nashville by special invitation, he was received with a whole thunder shower of applause, and a tornado of *two* of greeting. The Col. received it all with most indescribable good-nature of countenance, and in the native language of the National Brumier, seemed by his very deportment to say to the *cheers*—"go ahead!" At the close of the play, when *Farrell*, in the interesting character of *Zip Coon*, sang the *stanzas* laudatory of some of Colonel Crockett's exploits, there was such roar of applause as were never before heard and never will be again, that we know of. The Col. is a brave man and an honest politician, and we are glad to see him appreciated.—*N. York Courier and Enquirer.*

GEOLOGY.

It is well known, that the bones of animals occur in countries where animals of the species now no longer exist. One mode of accounting for this fact, given by M. Cuvier, appears so natural that we shall quote his own words:

"For example, let us suppose that a great irruption of the sea shall now cover the continent of New Holland with a mass of sand, or other debris;

the bodies of kangaroos, wombats, dassuri, peramels, flying phalangiste, echidna, and *oreithoryxa*, will be buried under it, and it will entirely destroy every species of these genera, since none of them exists in other countries. Let this same revolution dry up the sea which covers the numerous straits between New Holland and the continent of Asia; it will open a way for the elephant, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, the horse, the camel, the tiger, and all other Asiatic quadrupeds, who will people a country where they have hitherto been unknown. A naturalist afterwards living among them, and by chance searching into the depths of the soil in which this new nature lives,

will find the remains of beings wholly different. That which New Holland would be in the above case, Europe, Siberia, and a great part of America are now; and, perhaps, when other countries, and New Holland itself, shall be examined, we shall find that they have all undergone similar revolutions. I could almost say a mutual exchange of productions; for, carrying the supposition still further, after this transportation of Asiatic animals into New Holland, let us imagine a second revolution, which will destroy Asia, their primitive country, these who afterwards see them in New Holland, their second country, will be as much embarrassed to know whence they came, as we can be now to find the origin of our own."—*Athenaeum.*

University of France.—The prizes assigned to the most deserving students of the University of France, were distributed in August, in the presence of a large and brilliant audience. On this occasion, a short address was made to the pupils by M. Guizot, Minister of Public Instructions, from which we take the following passage:

"Do not resign yourselves to any vain illusion: imagine not that when you enter upon another field of labor, you will find the same aid, which you have experienced here, that the same kindness will attend you, till the hour of your entire success. The world with its inflexible interests, its indifference, its cold natures, its harsh constructions, is before you. On this theatre, your task will always be laborious, and sometimes very severe. Let your education, instead of disguising these trials, prepare you to encounter them. Be grateful that you have found here that discipline, those habits of order and decorum, those great principles, which strengthen the soul and prepares it to gain the victory in the hard struggles of civil life, in the same manner as you have already triumphed in the gentler conflicts of youthful emulation. May your parents be no less grateful; let them second the efforts of your instructors, to impart to national education a moral and elevated character. To keep this great object always in view, is our duty: it will sooner or later be your happiness, that our labors have been devoted to its accomplishment."

As Capt. Hamilton has sought notoriety, he is fair game to the fullest extent of the truth. We have this anecdote from a source entitled to implicit credit. On the passage of the Hudson, in one of our most richly furnished day-boats, the table arrangements of which, as well as the whole internal government, are particularly well ordered, Capt. H. seated at the breakfast, on the cushioned seat inside of the table, with ladies on each side of him, rose before a single lady had left the table, and attempted to step upon and across it. He was arrested by the prompt and loud command of the captain of the boat, "down, Sir. No man puts his foot upon my table whilst I have the honor to sit at the head!" The Englishmen shrank back, shamed and rebuked. Indeed, such was his mortification, that although he had entered and paid his passage to Albany, he stepped at the first landing (West Point). Whether it was on this occasion that, as the N. Y. Mirror intimates, he was rebuked by the host of the West Point Hotel for a want of civility in the ladies' drawing room, we are not informed.—*Balt. Am.*

Use of Forks.—A foreigner remarks, in his works on Great Britain, that an Englishman may be discovered anywhere if he be observed at table, because he places his fork upon the left side of his plate; a Frenchman by using the fork alone, without the knife; and a German by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian by using it as a toothpick. Holding the fork is a national custom, and nations are characterized by their peculiarities in the use of the fork at table. An affection of the French usages in this respect seem now to be gaining ground in this country.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

[Extract from a work now in press by Caleb Atwater.]

ANCIENT WORKS NEAR ST. LOUIS.

The most remarkable mounds are near St. Louis, on the east side of the Mississippi, consisting of two groups. One group is about two miles north of the Cahokia river, which empties into the Mississippi near St. Louis. This group is about one mile east of the Mississippi. The other group is about four miles south of the one first mentioned. These ancient works are about one hundred and fifty in number. The upper or northern group resembles in appearance, at a distance from them, a great number of enormous hay-stacks.

Generally circular, some of them of considerable height, there is space enough on their summits for several hundred men to stand on. The largest of these mounds stands on the very bank of the Cahokia, and to raise this stupendous mound, must have required the constant labor of a thousand men for a long time. Its shape is that of a parallelogram, 2400 feet in circumference, and ninety feet high. It is composed of alluvial earth. On the south end is a broad apron about half way down, and from this is a projection fifteen feet wide.

The monks of La Trappe have settled near it—have used the apron for a kitchen garden, and sown the summit with wheat. This elevated parallelogram, running north and south, belongs to the same class of works with those at Marietta, on Paint Creek, near Portsmouth, and other spots already described in their appropriate places in this volume. These interesting remains, so numerous and large, and all occupying only four or five miles square of territory, clearly indicates the existence of a large town, in former times, in this neighborhood.

Singular Case.—The Newport Spectator says, there is a young man in a town in Vermont, who cannot speak to his father. Previous to his birth, some difference arose between his mother and her husband, and for a considerable time she refused to speak to him. The difficulty was subsequently healed—the child was born, and in due time began to talk; but, when sitting with his father, was invariably silent. It continued so until it was five years old, when the father, having exhausted his powers of persuasion, threatened it with punishment for its stubbornness. When the punishment was inflicted, it elicited nothing but sighs and groans, which told but too plainly that the little sufferer was vainly endeavoring to speak. All who were present united in the opinion that it was impossible for the child to speak to his father—and time proved their opinion to be correct. At a mature age its efforts to converse with its parent, could only produce the most bitter sighs and groans. The individuals we have alluded to, says the Spectator, are all in respectable circumstances, and our informant has not only resided in the neighbourhood for years, but is personally acquainted with them.

How to get a tight ring off a finger.—Thread a needle, flat in the eye, with a strong thread; pass the needle with care under the ring and pull the thread through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly, all down to the nail, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring will gradually remove it from the finger. This never failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however swollen the finger may be.—*Liverpool Times.*

Beautiful Extract.—The Boston Mercantile Journal selects the following from the Foreign Review for April, 1829, as one of the finest passages in the whole range of English literature. The subject treated of, is the Benefit of Printing.

"When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering with steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and carnage, the pale on-looker might have fancied that nature was in her death throes—for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the son of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be on that very gala day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine-pins in the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to them than twenty Tamerlanes! The Tartan Khan with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, passed away like a whirlwind, to be forgotten forever—and that German artisan has wrought a benefit, which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand itself through all countries and all time. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporation of Captains from Walter the Penniless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with the moveable type of Johannes Faust?"

Civil war in Missouri.—The St. Louis Republican of the 12th Nov. contains a letter from Oran Hyde, one of the Mormonites settled in Jackson county, giving the particulars of several encounters between the Mormonites and a mob collected to destroy their property. Several were killed on both sides. Among the latter were two attorney's, named H. L. Breazeale and Mr. Hicks.

THE CULTURE OF DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

The editor of the National Gazette, during the recent protracted rain storm, remarked:

"Such persons as cannot usefully employ themselves within doors during very inclement spells are now indeed to be pitied; such as can cheerfully work at home, or find gratification in books for any length of time, or improve a period particularly favourable for moral reflections, may make the worst weather an occasion of the richest harvest and the purest pleasure."

There is much excellent philosophy in the above quotations, under which society would rest to editors, if they would use their influence to promote "the culture of domestic affections." It has appeared to us, that of all the shipwrecks of fame, fortune, and domestic happiness, nine out of ten are referable to the neglect of the principles of affections. Those means of pleasure and profit are open to all, but which, like all of earthly and of heavenly growth, are mainly dependent upon culture. Where true affection—(we are not meddling with the novelist's passion of love)—where true affection has been brought in operation in a family, the vicissitudes of fortune are of little account. Sympathy for distress itself will be trivial. The power of affection once attained, is never lost; and its value is enhanced by the extent of its operation. The delights of the domestic circle are of course the dearest and most to be coveted; but the effect of their operation is to be marked beyond the "hearth"—the intercourse of society is touched with its influence, and the circle of benefits is widely extended. If the culture could be made general, we might look for its immediate and important influence upon society, an object greatly to be desired; but at home, the growth may be certain. The wish will produce the means, and perseverance will insure perfection to the culture of domestic affections.

U. S. Gazette.

NIAGARA WHIRLPOOL.

This whirlpool, which is several miles below the Falls of Niagara, is a large deep basin, about the size of Primrose Hill, at the back of Chalk Farm, in which the waters of the mighty St. Lawrence revolve in one perpetual whirl, caused by their being obstructed by an angle of the steep and dreary banks which overhangs this dreadful place. Mr. Wallace, the blacksmith, had a son, a fine youth, who one day went down to the whirlpool, and the current proving too strong for him, he was carried into the whirl. His poor distracted mother sat on the gloomy bank for hours and days, and beheld the body of her own darling carried around in a circle by the water, sometimes disappearing for a time, and then coming up and revolving upon the surface of his watery grave, and thus continuing for several days, no human aid being available even to obtain his remains. After five or six days, bodies which get into this dismal cauldron are carried down the river. It is usual for persons rafting timber from places between the Falls and the whirlpool, to get off the raft before they come to the basin, first placing the raft in such a position as may best enable it to float down the stream without being carried into the whirl. On one occasion, however, one of the raftsmen refused to leave the raft—he was not afraid, all would go safe; entreaty was unavailing, and the raft, with the unfortunate headstrong man upon it, made its way downwards, and was soon drawn within the fatal circle, around which for three days and three nights it continued to revolve, all the efforts of a thousand anxious spectators proving unavailing. The continual and sickening motion he underwent, robbed the poor sufferer of all power to eat—sleep he could not—a dreadful death was before his eyes, so much the more terrible that it was protracted night after night in such a place. At last a man was found who ventured into the whirl as far as he could with the hopes of life, a strong rope being tied round his middle, one end of which was on shore. He carried a line to throw to the raft—succeeded; the agonized sufferer fastened it to the raft, and in this way was drawn on shore, and his life preserved.—*M'Kenzie's Sketches of U. S.*

The Pennsylvanian says it has the most unquestionable authority for declaring the assertion of the American Sentinel, that Gen. Jackson under certain contingencies will consent to run for the Presidency a third term is entirely gratuitous, and the Pennsylvanian proceeds to say that such an idea is contrary to the settled purpose of the President, and offensive to his principles and his feelings.